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A DOLL'S DAY

By Beatrice Bradshaw Brown

Illustrated by Barbara Haven Brown

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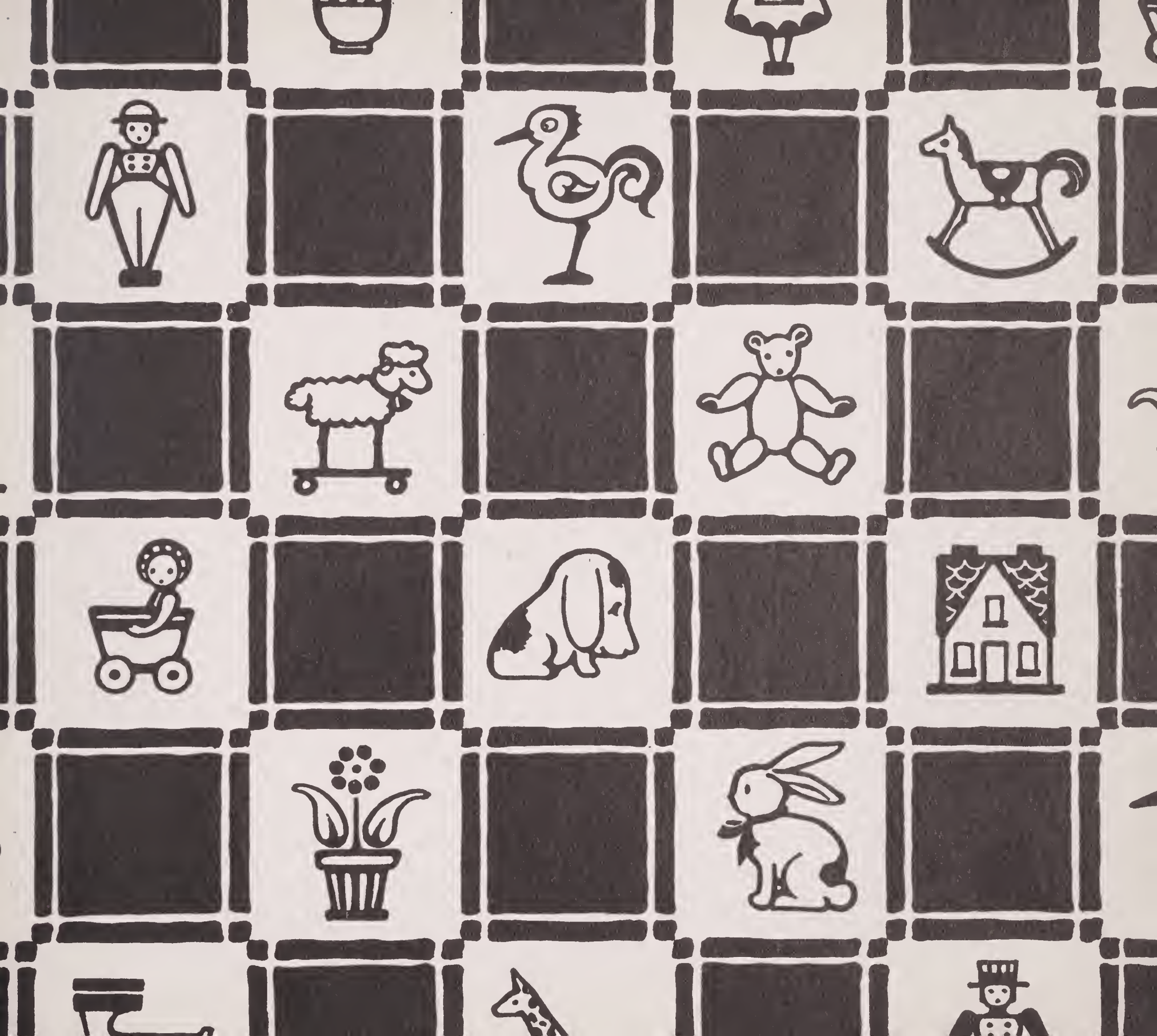

A DOLL'S DAY

By

BEATRICE BRADSHAW BROWN

With Illustrations by

BARBARA HAVEN BROWN

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
1931

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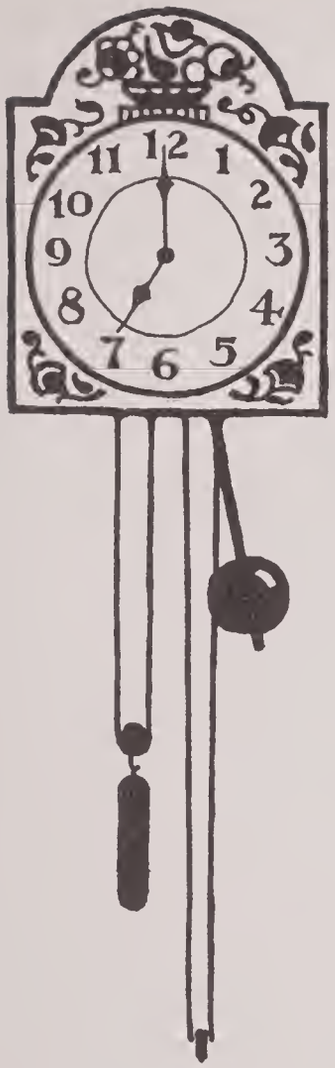
To

H. H. B.

My Mother teaches me each day

Mother and I

MY Mother teaches me each day;
She says it is the only way
To bring me up aright.
She tells me what to do and say,
How to work and when to play,
And how to be polite.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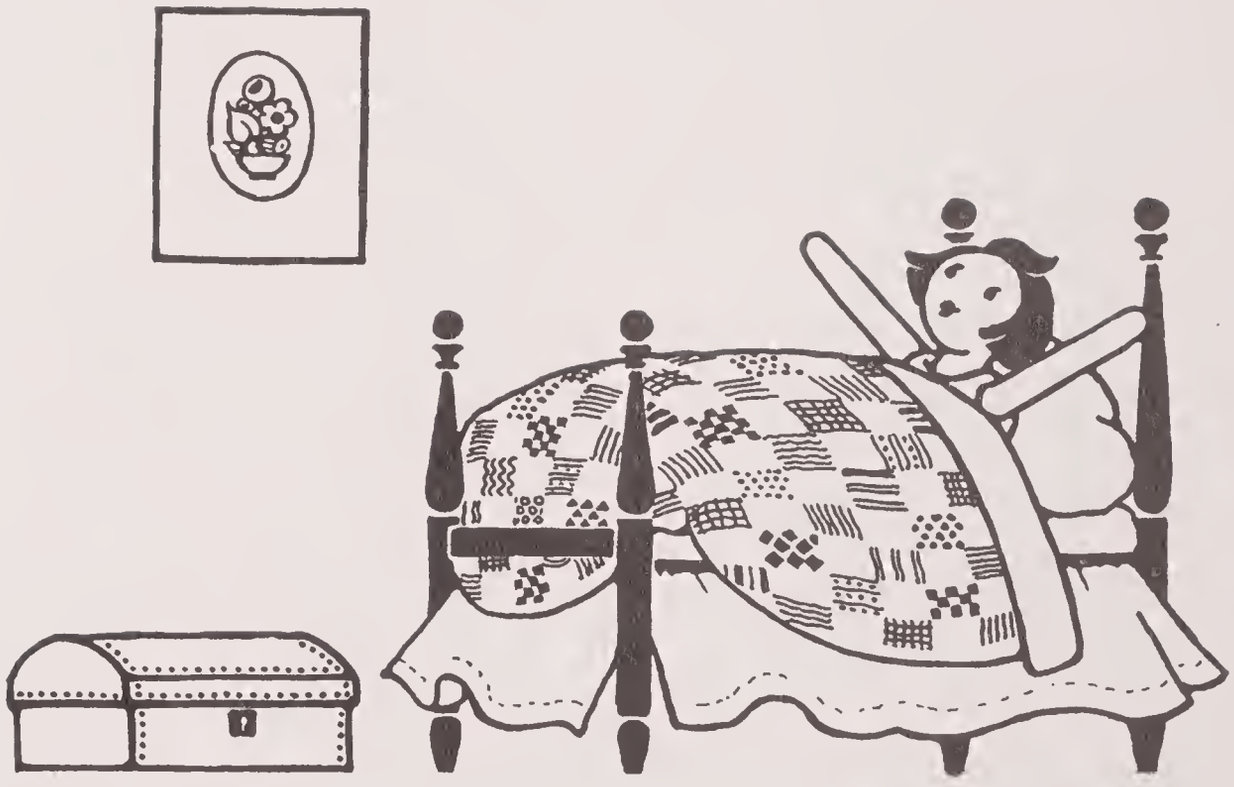
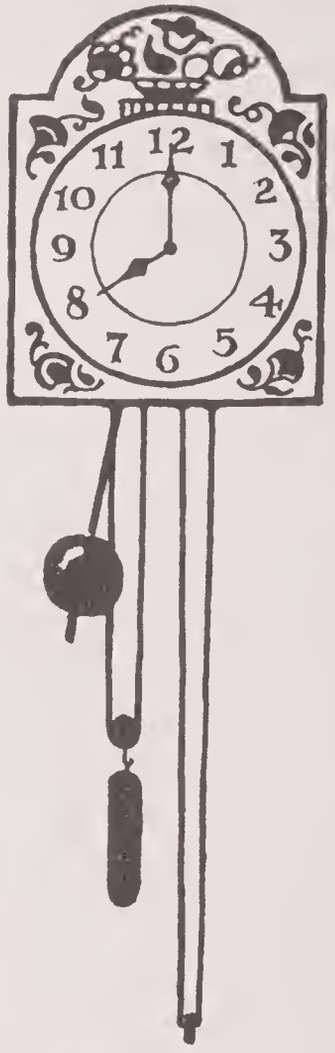


Awakening

WHEN Mother calls me from my bed,
The winter sun is rising red
And tossing diamonds far and wide
On all the snowy countryside,
And flower beds and garden lanes
Are frosted on the windowpanes.
My Mother dresses me with care
And combs the tangles from my hair,
But soon she says that I must know
Where the hooks and buttons go,
How to comb my hair alone,
And dress myself when I am grown.
It is so hard to twist and turn!
I wonder if I'll ever learn.

My Mother dresses me with care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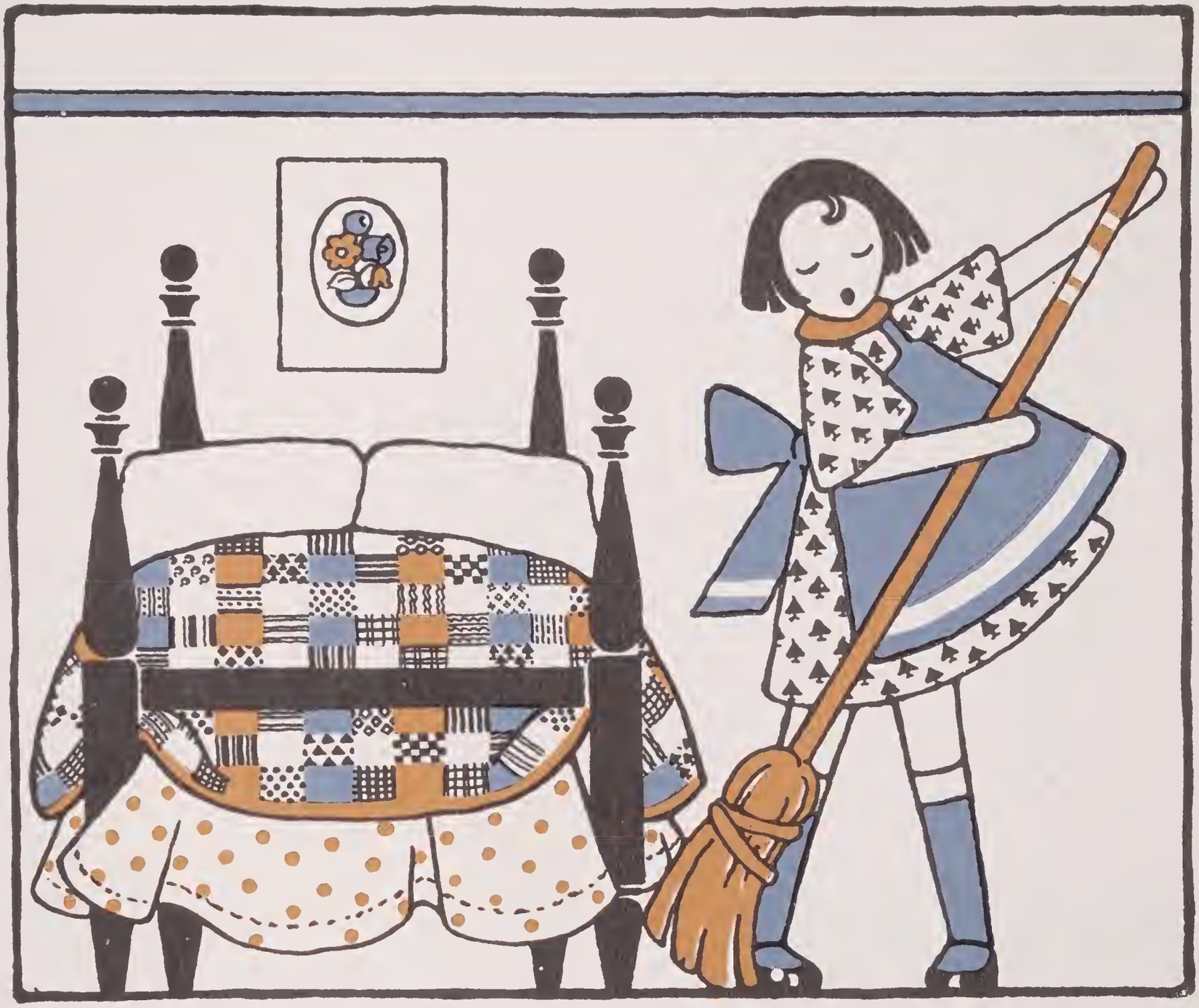
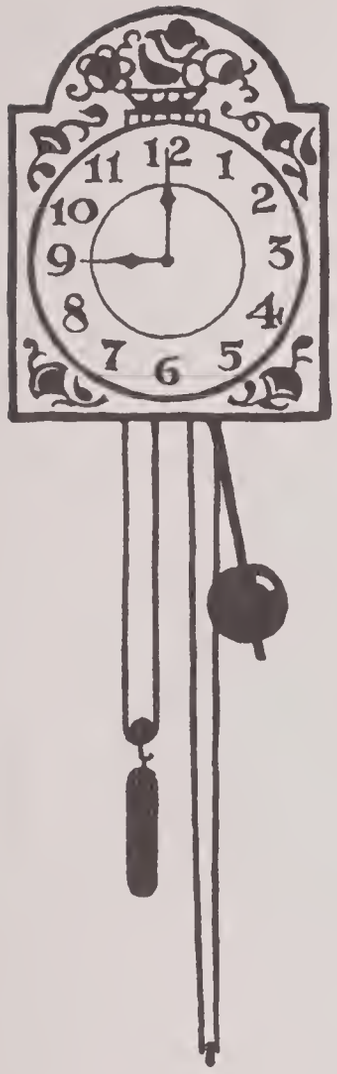
Duties

AS soon as ever I've been fed,
I smooth the sheets and make my bed,
I dust the things about my room,
And sweep the corners with my broom,
I put my night clothes all away,
And then I'm ready for the day.



I sweep the corners with my broom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TO
LONDON

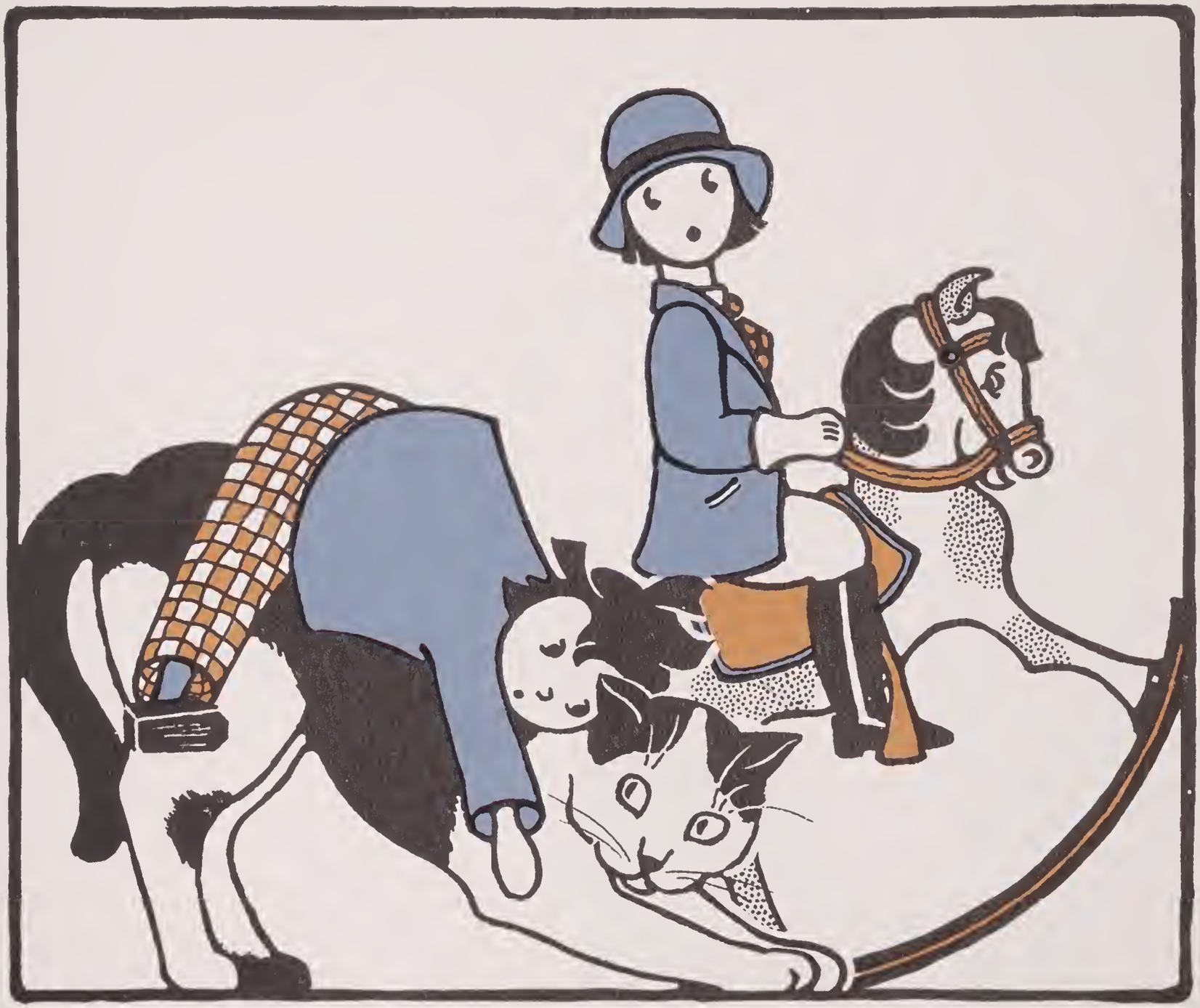
Travel

PETER goes to London,
I shall go to France.
Hear our horses gallop!
See them prance!

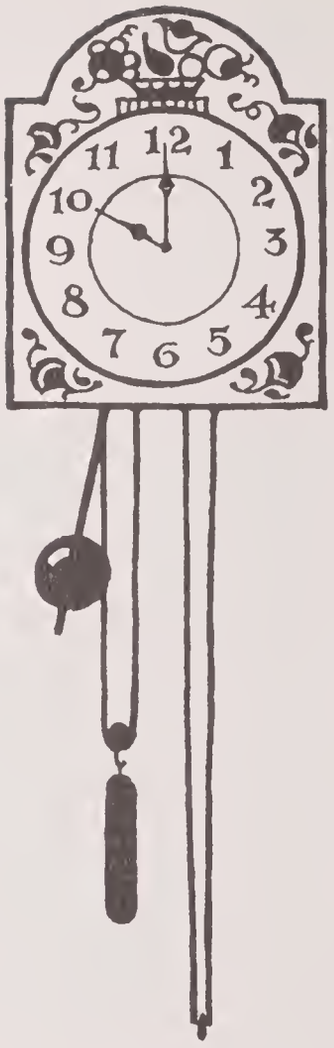
All across the ocean,
Far beyond the sea,
Pussy carries Peter,
Dobbin, me.

Pussy, do be careful!
Peterkin will fall.
But it wouldn't hurt him—
Not at all.

Baluchistan and Bagdad,
Petrograd and Rome—
All around the world, and then
Home.



Hear our horses gallop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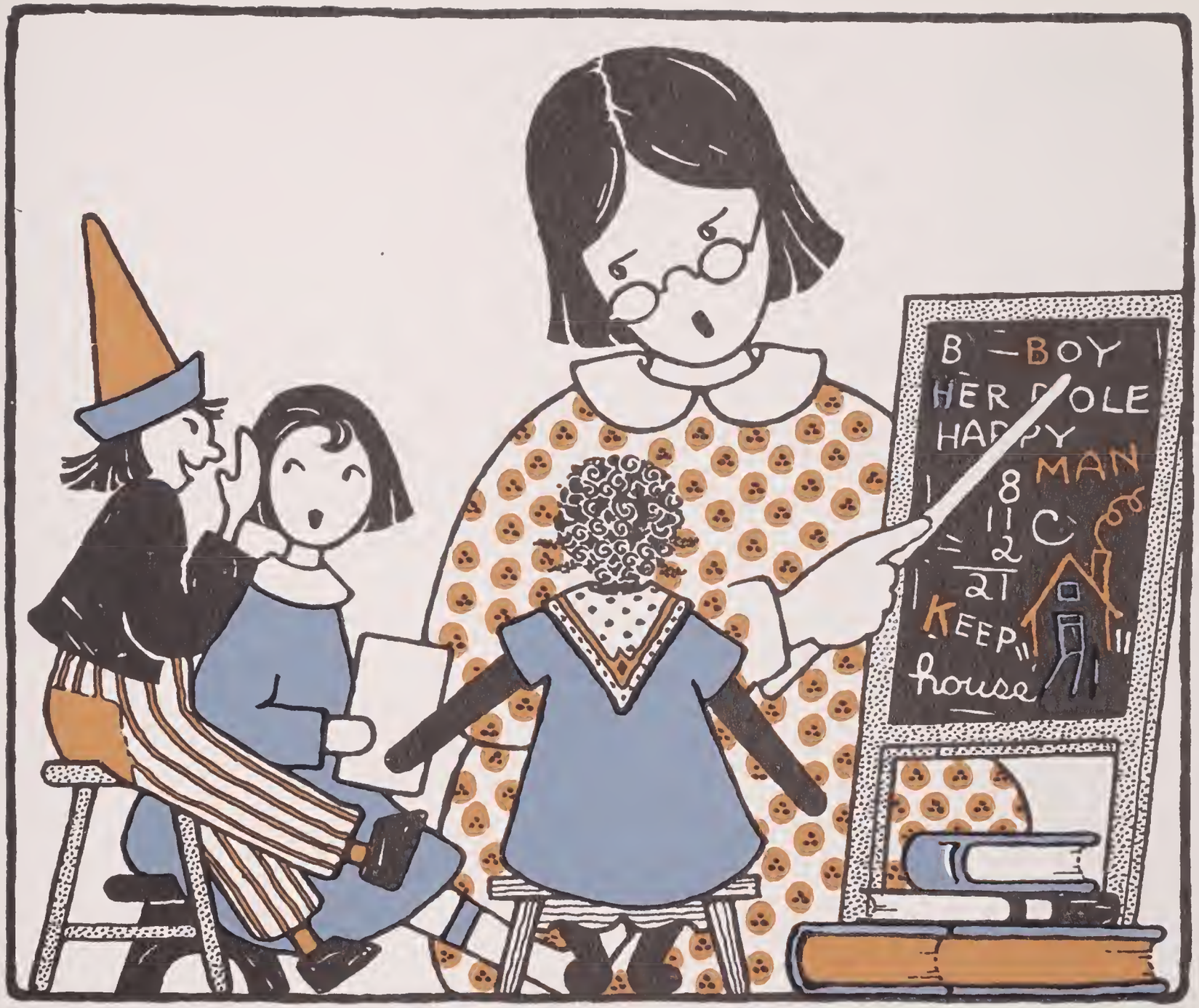
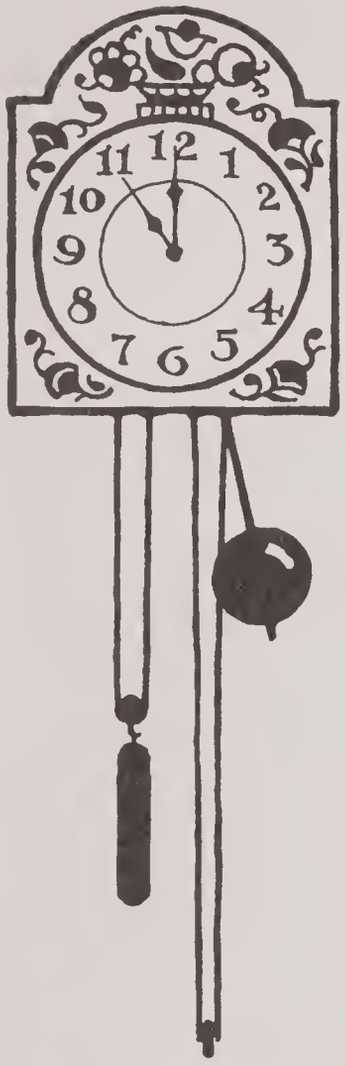
School

WE put aside our toys and play
And have our lessons every day.
My Mother says that if we try—
Topsy, Peterkin, and I—
We soon shall learn to read and spell
And do our numbers very well.
She writes upon a board with chalk
And tells us not to laugh or talk.



We have our lessons every day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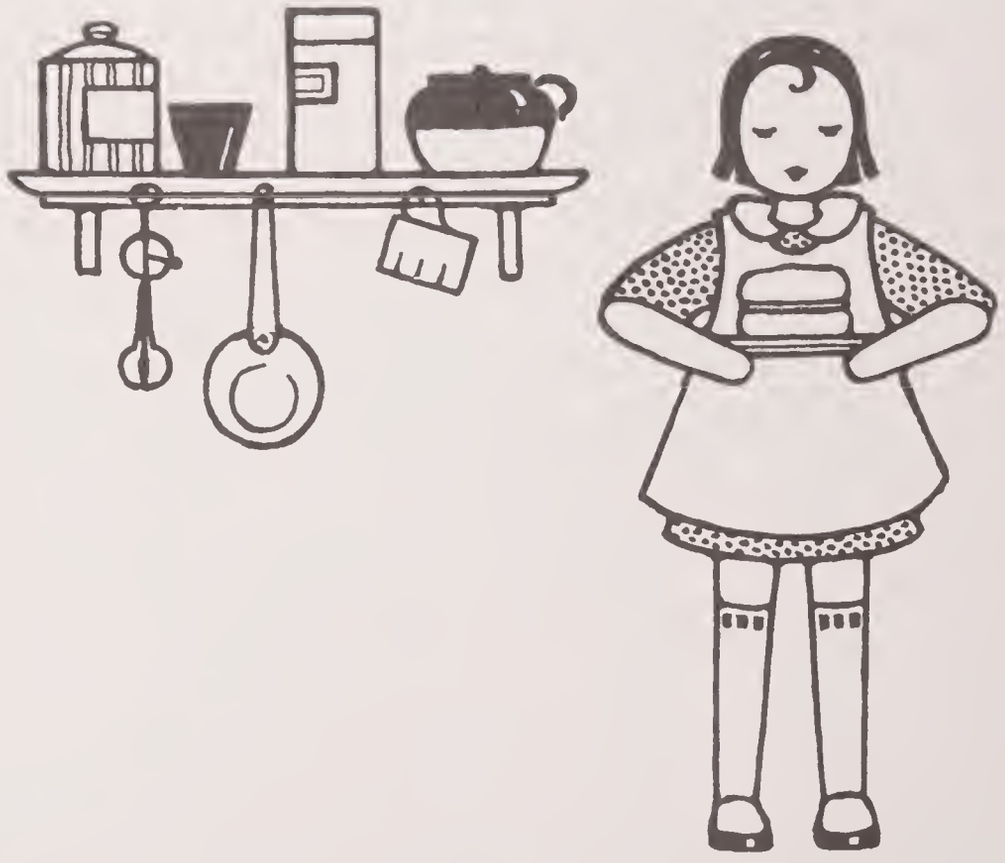
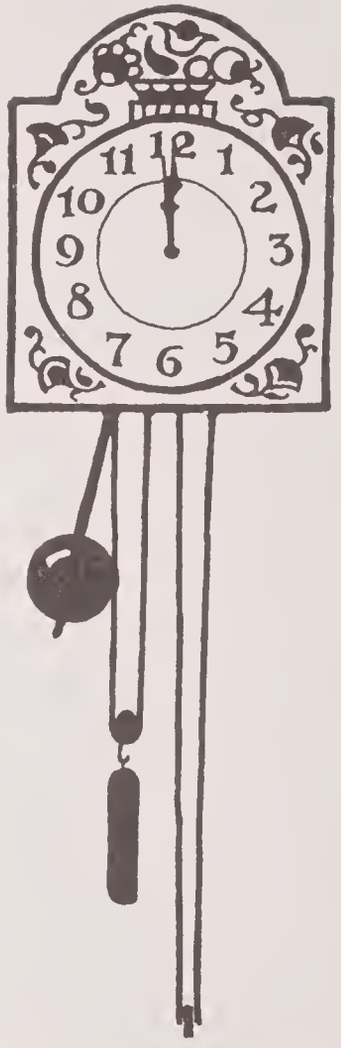


Eleven O'Clock

Domestic Art

EVERY doll should learn to bake
Biscuits, bread, and lightest cake,
And cook a meal, the very best,
To please the most exacting guest.
And so my Mother teaches me
What the right proportions be;
How to mix and how to knead,
And thinnest crust to roll.
She bids me pay the strictest heed,
And if I'm very good indeed,
She lets me lick the bowl.

Every doll should learn to bake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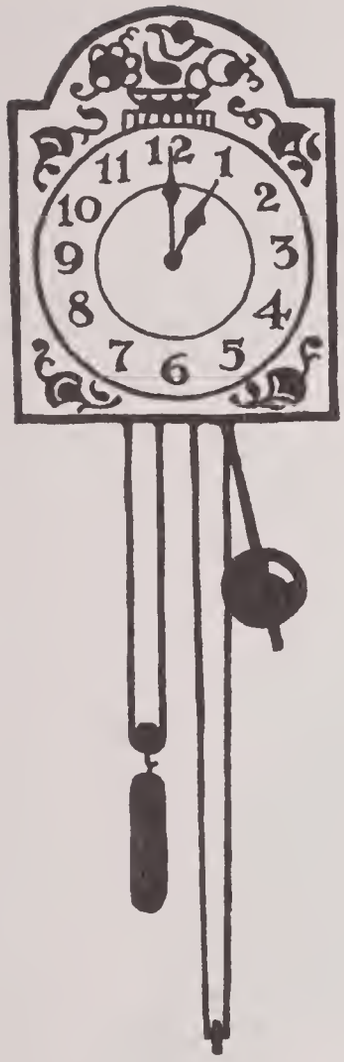
Twelve O'Clock

The Culprit

THE table was set as neat as could be
And dinner all ready for Mother and me;
But Pussy was hungry and wanted some food,
And ate up our luncheon because it was good!

Pussy was hungry and wanted some food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The Fitting

I am as proud as I can be
When Mother makes my frocks
for me,
For they are prettier by far
Than dresses in store windows are.

She sews them daintily by hand;
And very straight and tall I stand,
While Mother says, "Turn slowly, please,"
And pins the hem up round my knees.

Mother makes my frocks for me

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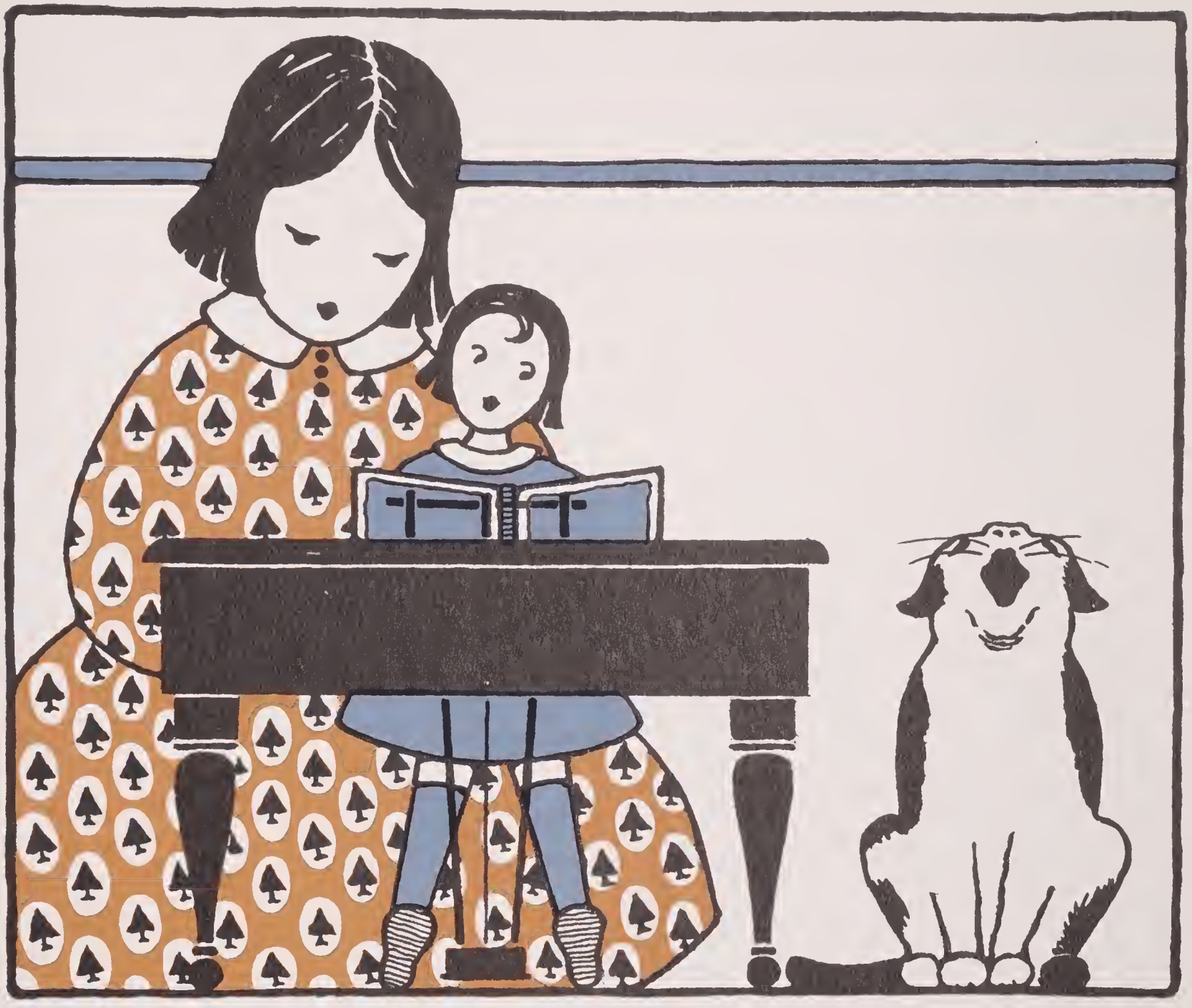
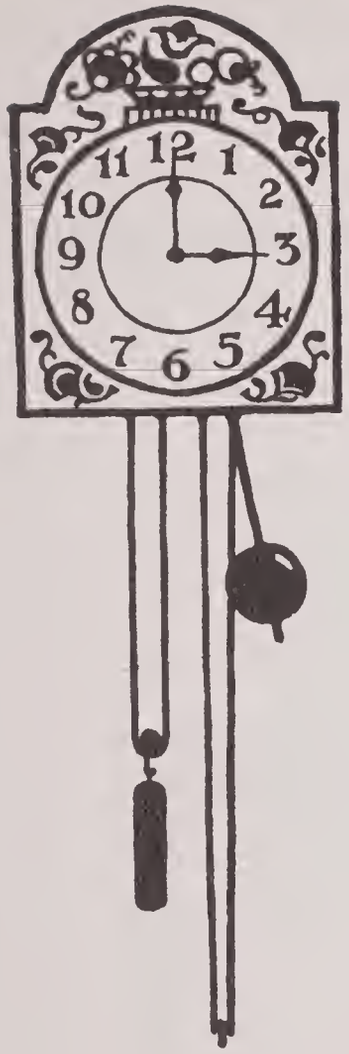
Two O'Clock

Music

MY Mother takes me on her knees
Before the white piano keys.
She teaches me a song to play,
And bids me practice every day.
And just to show what he can do,
The Pussycat sings with us, too!



She teaches me a song to play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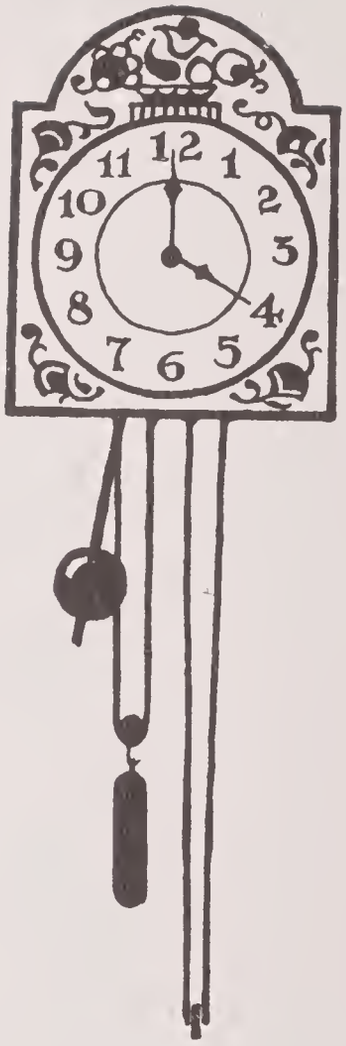
Our Sled

DOWN the steep hillside, all covered
with snow,
Faster than birds to the valley
we go;
Wind in our hair and snow in our eyes,
Faster than fairies our eager sled flies.

Soon, flinging his banner so high in the west,
The sun will be winking and sinking to rest;
So a last long climb and a last swift ride,
Then home to play by the fireside!

Faster than fairies our eager sled flies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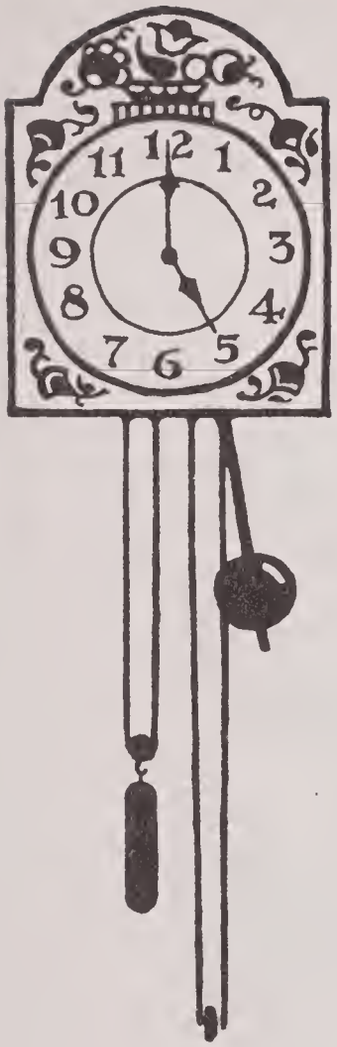
Four O'Clock

A Catastrophe

WE built a castle wide and tall
With towers and a mighty wall,
And caves beneath it in the rocks;
We made them all with building blocks!

An earthquake came and swept away
Our mighty castle, every bit.
(We said an earthquake just in play:
The Pussycat walked over it!)

We built a castle wide and tall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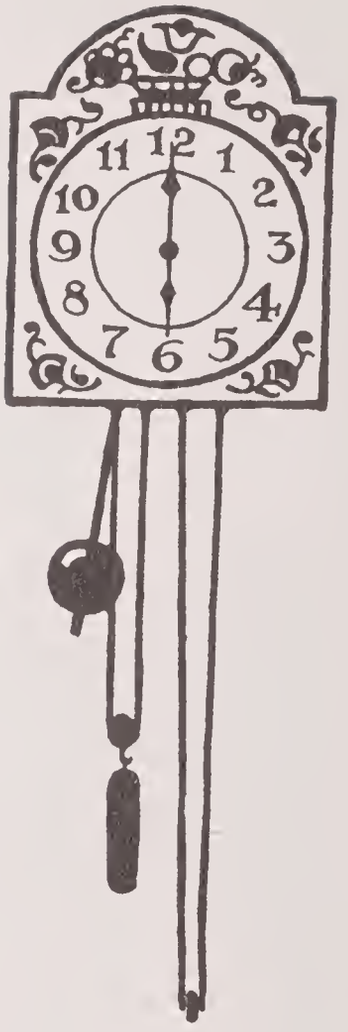
Supper

WHEN winter evening comes at last,
And the short, busy day is past,
The shades are drawn, the
candles lit,
And at our supper now we sit.
We have our soup within a bowl,
And jam to eat with crusty roll.
My Mother sips with dainty grace,
And leaves no crumbs beside her place,
Just as a lady should.
Pussy's bowl is on the floor,
He drinks his milk and asks for more,
Because it is so good.

We have our soup within a bowl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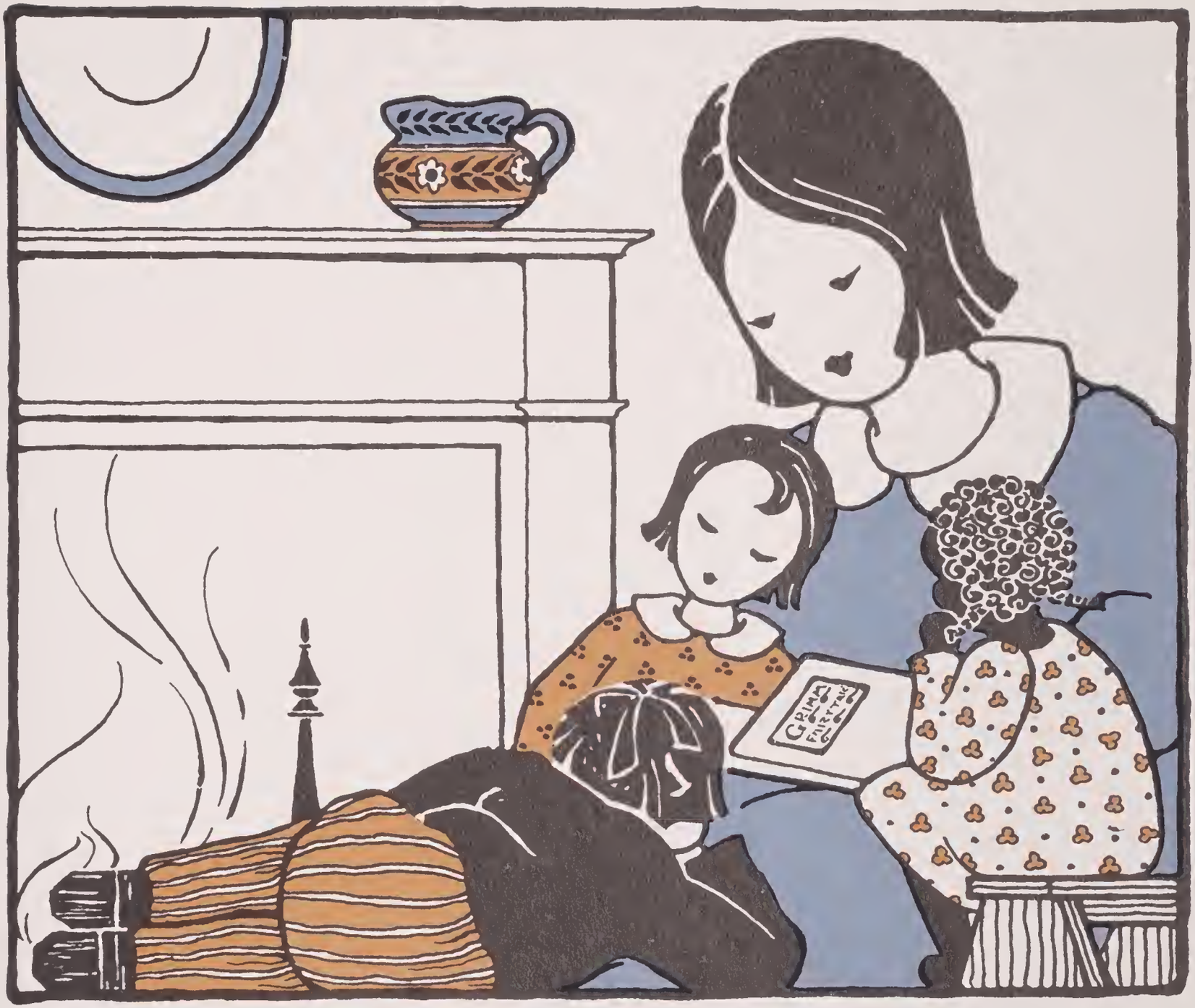
Six O' Clock

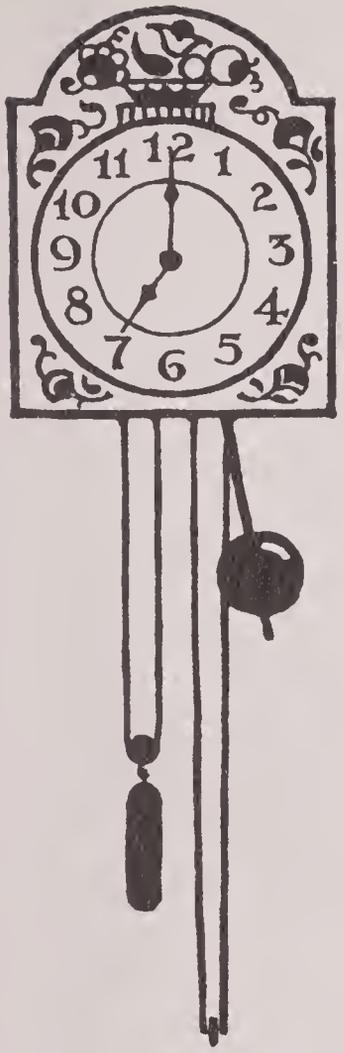
Romance

THE cold wind sings outside the door,
And Mother gathers us before
The cozy fire after tea—
Topsy, Peterkin, and me.

She tells us tales of other lands,
Of hidden treasure, robber bands,
Of ships afloat on distant seas,
And fairies living in the trees!



She tells us tales of other lands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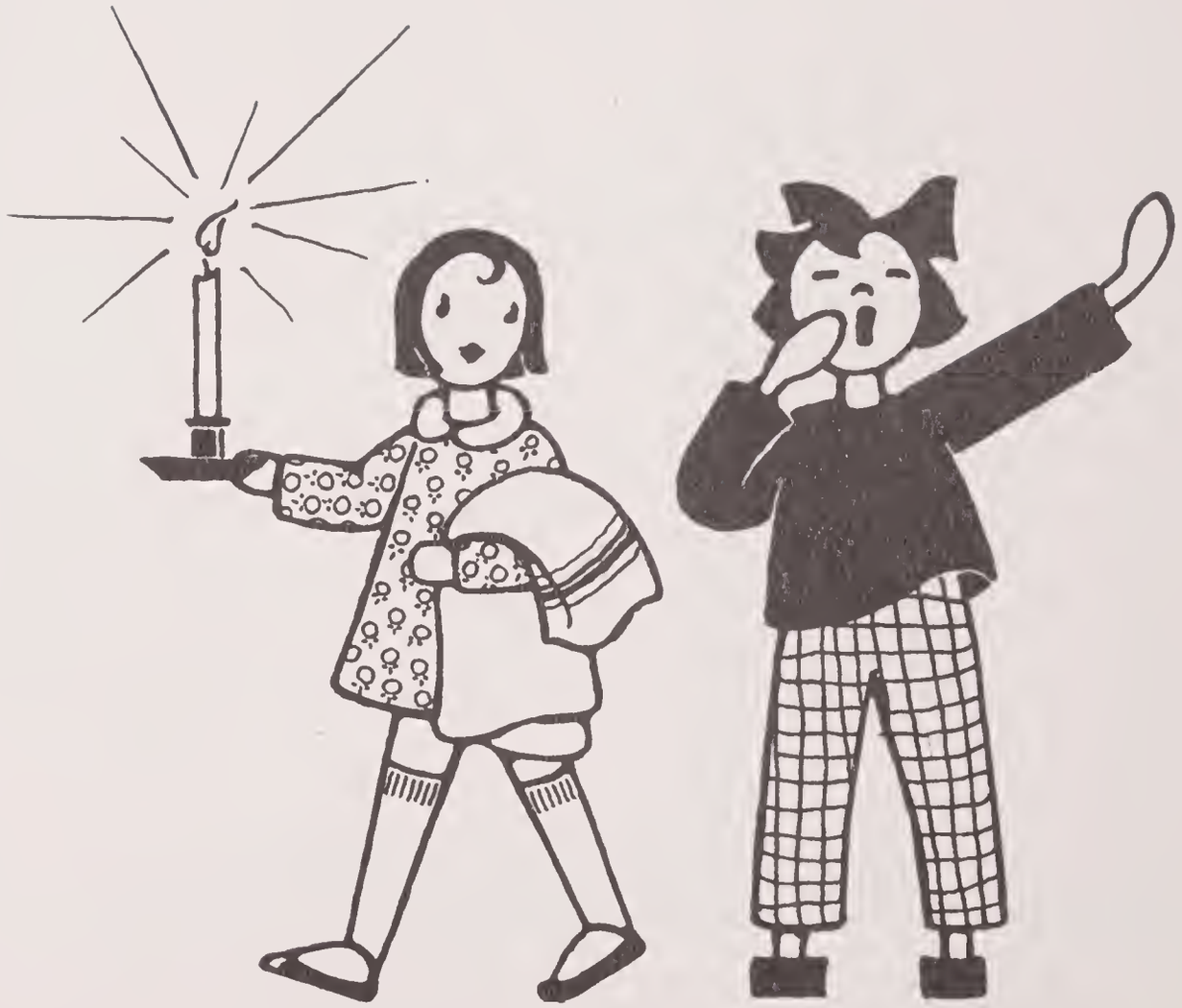
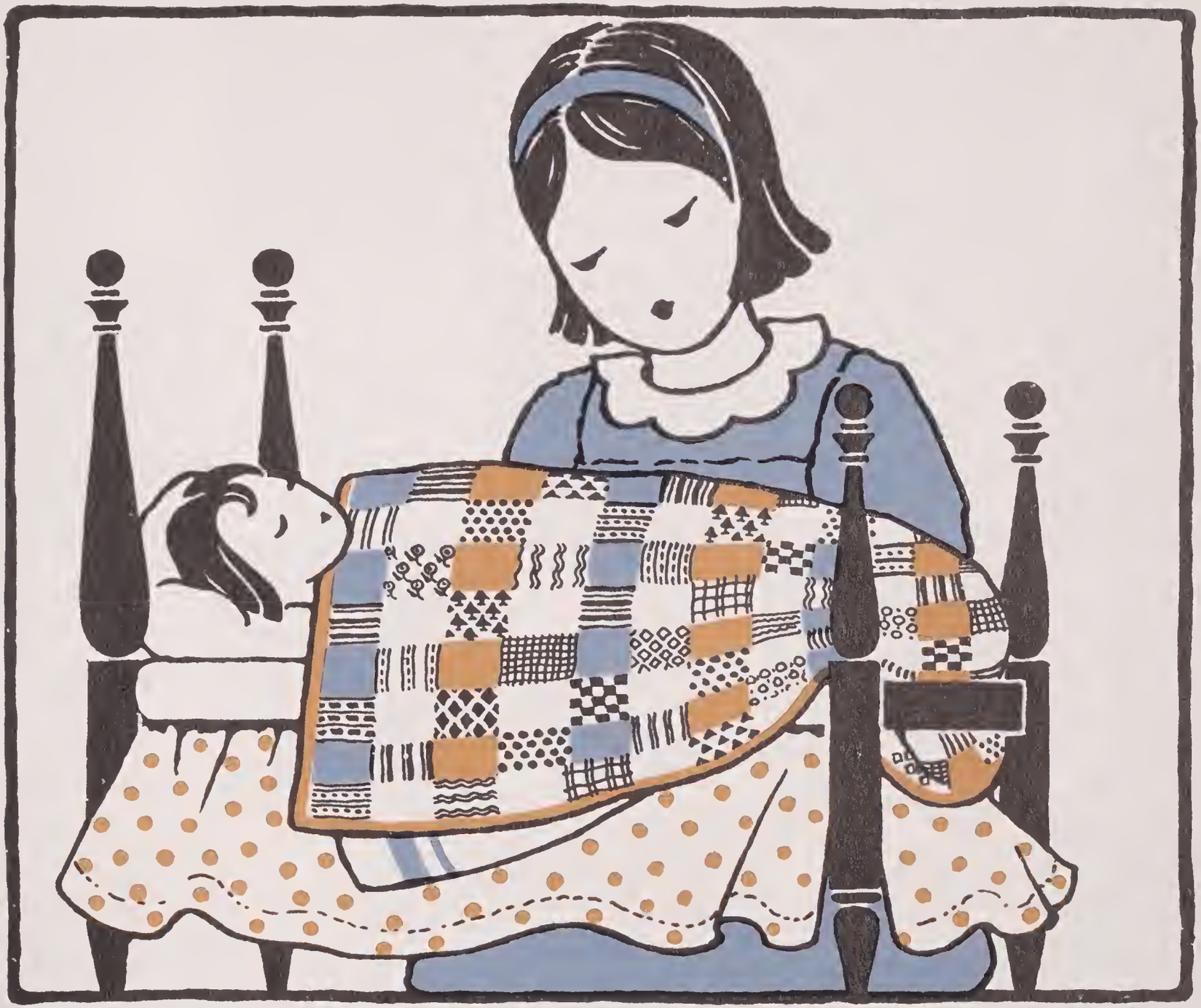


Seven O' Clock

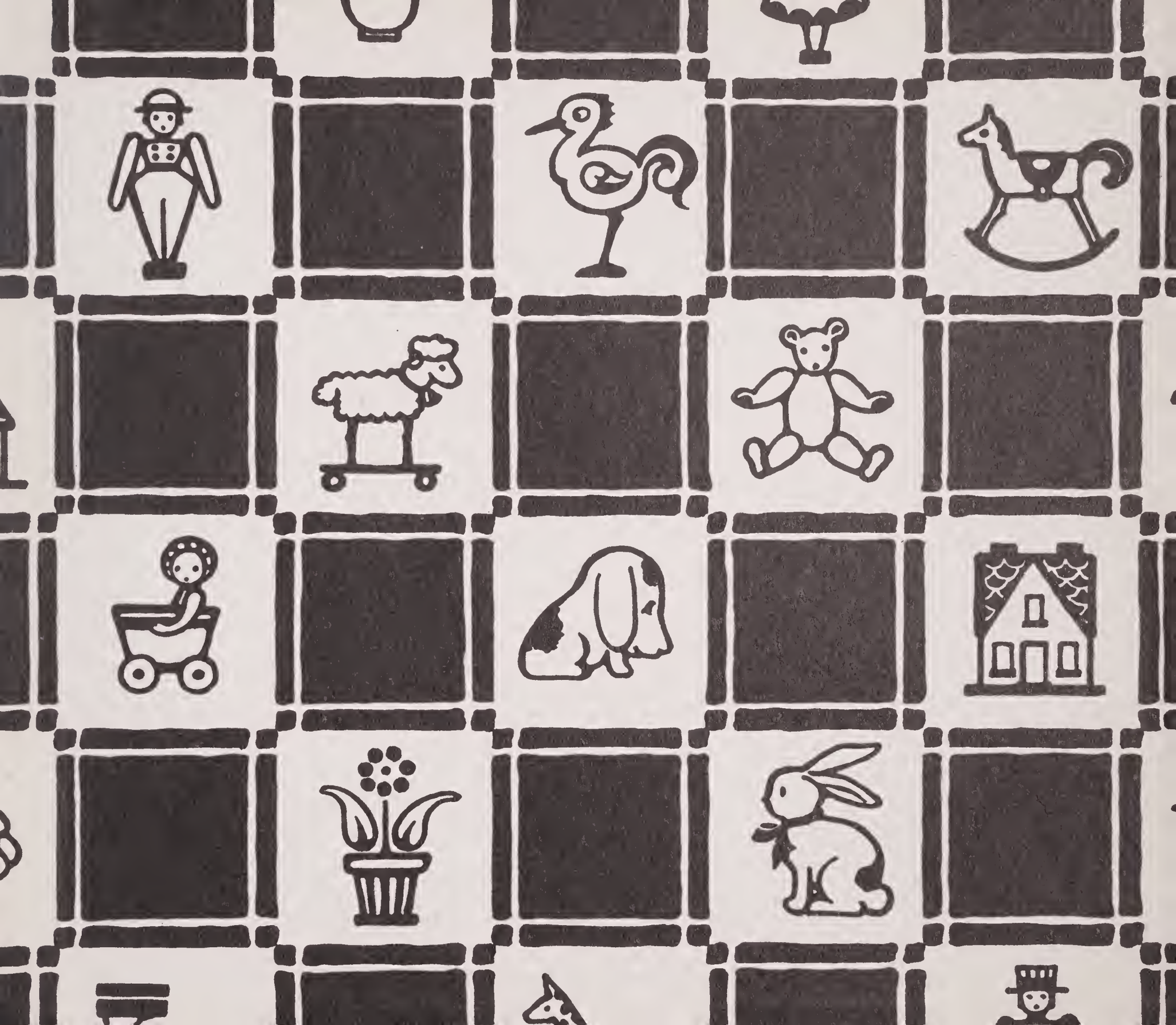
Night

AND now at last to bed I go,
The world outside is white with snow,
And when the window's raised, I hear
The cold trees snapping far and near.

My prayers are said, my blankets tight
Are wrapped about me for the night.
And soon again another day
Will bring its pleasant work and play.



Now at last to bed I go



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